

## THOMAS COUNTY CAT.

W. C. PORTER, Publisher.

COLBY, KANSAS.

### SATISFIED.

At twenty-three  
I planned my scheme of life—I'd be  
A meek, unassuming, waiting plover  
Globe-circling ships should homeward  
steer.

From Orient and Occident,  
When millions had been won, I meant  
To choose a wife of gentle race,  
Cultured in mind and fair in face;  
Build me a palace with each part  
By art designed, enriched by art;  
And, finally, to have one son,  
Handsome and tall, but only one.  
Thus I forecast my destiny  
At twenty-three.

At forty-three,  
How have I prospered? Let me see—  
I find myself a simple clerk,  
With light reward and heavy work,  
Yet, hoping for advance in rank,  
I owe no man, and have in bank  
A trifle saved, I occupy  
Some fourth-floor rooms, which Kate  
and I  
Think charming. (Kate's my wife, you  
know.)  
A pretty seamstress long ago,  
We have six girls—perhaps too many—  
But not for worlds would part with any.  
So kind has fortune been to me  
At forty-three.

—Monty H. Pike, in Life.

### STORY OF A BOOK.

#### Why the Old Geography Had an Honored Place.

The housemaid had found it in an old cedar box in the attic and put it beside a volume of Dickens on the middle shelf of the library book-case. It was a little, square, green-covered, dog-eared, round-cornered geography. It was published when the art of geography-making was, comparatively speaking, in its infancy. Its maps had blue seas, green, red, white, yellow, purple, brown and many other colored lands, and it was embellished with odd pictures of still older people dressed more singularly still who have become entirely extinct long since the artist who drew them died, if the geographies of the present day are reliable in their illustrations. The advent of this old-fashioned volume among the richly-bound books in the library caused a flutter of excitement not unmingled with indignation.

"I can't see for the life of me," exclaimed a collection of Matthew Arnold's essays, "why this common book should force itself upon our company."

"No, nor I," responded the Dickens novel, sharply. "If this library is to be turned into a literary junk shop we might as well be in a second-hand store at once."

"Yes, indeed," echoed in unison a row of Scott's novels, which stood like a line of British soldiers, with bright suits, on an opposite shelf.

"Come, what have you got to say for yourself?" inquired gruff old Ben Jonson. "What made you stick yourself in here against our consent?"

"I didn't want to come," answered the geography, mildly. "Indeed I didn't. It wasn't my fault. I was lying in the old cedar chest in the attic, where I have lain ever since she grew up and where I would have been now but—"

"She?" interrupted Dickens. "Who is she, pray?"

"Why, don't you know her?" replied the Geography in amazement. "I thought you must know her. She used to study me when she was a little pink-faced girl, years and years ago. She and Jack studied me together. They were very fond of me, and I suppose that is the reason I have been kept so long."

"Jack?" again inquired the inquisitive Dickens, "who is Jack?"

"Jack," continued the Geography, enthusiastically, "was the handsomest boy I ever knew, and I knew a whole generation of boys and girls, too. I ought to know them well, for I was read, thumb and studied by them for nearly forty years before Jack found me on the book-shelf in his father's library, where his older brother had left me when he finished school and went to sea."

"That doesn't explain how you happened to be here," interposed Ben Jonson, rudely. "Come, tell us that."

"I was just about to tell you," continued the Geography. "You see, Jack took me to school with him the very first day he went there. It was the little red school-house under the hill. You probably know it. No? I thought every one knew where that was. The master was very strict and very cruel, so I used to think, and every day he used to whip nearly all the boys and keep half the girls in at recess just because they whispered. I tell you that boys and girls can't keep from whispering in school any more than from breathing. I said 'nearly all' the boys. Jack was one he didn't whip. Why? Jack was a cripple. How did that happen? I'll tell you. Phillips—she was Jack's sweetheart—was the prettiest girl in all the school. She was younger than Jack just a year. He was twelve and she eleven, and they loved each other just as much as people a good deal older than they were, do if not a little more. One day after school Jack and Phillips were sliding down the school-house hill on Jack's big sled. The master was out watching them. The road didn't run straight down the hill, but wound around down through a small grove of trees. The road had been covered with water and was ice from top to bottom, and the sleds flew faster than the wind as they went down. This afternoon Phillips sat in the front of the sled, her little red stockings curled up under her dress, while Jack held on to

hind and steered with his leg. They started—the last slide they had—from the top, and were going faster than they had ever gone before, when Phillips gave a little scream and caught hold of the sled tighter than ever. Jack looked over her shoulder and saw a log sled, piled high with logs, crossing the road. How fast they were going, and how slow it crept along. The seconds seemed like years. They couldn't possibly turn out, for it was in the very middle of the grove. It didn't take Jack long to make up his mind what to do. With a quick sweep of his leg he turned the sled sideways. He couldn't stop it, but he could make the end where he sat hit the logs first. A second later Phillips was lying in a little frightened heap in the snow by the roadside unhurt, but Jack was stretched out, white and senseless, under his sled by the side of the big runners of the log sled.

The master picked him up and carried him to the school-house. Then he sent for Jack's father, who was the country doctor. After Jack opened his eyes and knew any one he was carried home, and he didn't leave it all winter long. His back was injured, so they said. The next spring he was able to go to school again, but he couldn't play with the other boys. His crutches were in the way, and no matter how much he whispered the master never whipped him. He never wanted to, either, for most every one loved Jack. He used to sit with little Phillips, and they learned their lessons out of me. During recess they would open me at the map of Europe and mark out the trip they were going to take when they grew up and were married. They were going to Paris where Jack was going to be cured. Then they would live in Italy a year or so on the banks of a beautiful lake, and they would be so happy that they would not care whether they had any money or not."

"Well," observed Dickens, when the Geography paused a moment to breathe, "did they marry?"

"No," returned the other, sadly. "The next year Jack died and was buried in the little church-yard behind the village church. Phillips' father preached the sermon at the funeral and the whole school put flowers on the grave. For awhile Phillips was inconsolable, but such fret never lasts very long, and before her school days were over she was just as cheery and much more beautiful than ever before. I was laid away years before she grew up—laid away very carefully—for Phillips never forgot the secrets that I shared with her. But I haven't seen her for years. I don't know really what has become of her. She brought me to this house with her in the old chest. I"—

At this moment the library door opened and there entered the mistress of the house, a slight, handsome woman, with a sweet face and silver hair.

"I thought I heard a noise on the book shelves," she said, "but I don't see any thing there to make it now. Perhaps it might have been a mouse. I'll look for it. Why?" she exclaimed, as she seized the old geography and drew it out of its place, "how did this dear old book ever come down here? I thought I had lost it years ago."

Sitting down near the table she opened the well-worn leaves. When she came to the old-time map of Europe criss-crossed by pencil marks her face softened, and as she bent over to kiss the soiled and disfigured continent two tear drops were mingled with the blue waters of the sea.

"I think," whispered Dickens to Matthew Arnold, as he nodded in the direction of the old geography, "I think I know, now, why the geography was kept so long."

"Yes," softly echoed the red-coated line of Scott. "Yes; we think you do." —Benjamin Northrop, in N. Y. Graphic.

### A MEAN TRICK.

How a Needy-Looking Individual Enjoyed Himself Without Expense.

Yesterday afternoon, about three o'clock, a dog with a tin kettle tied to its wagging machinery was observed on Austin avenue. The dog did not appear to be much alarmed at the kettle any more than the average politician is when he is nominated to a lucrative office. He took it as a matter of course. There was a tall, seely-looking young man standing near a crowd on the sidewalk. He looked intently at the dog for a moment, and then said:

"By thunder! that is Banker Thompson's little daughter's lost dog he has offered fifty dollars for."

Immediately five different men, with their mouths sticking out like mulligan bottles, tried to whistle, and saying:

"That's a good little doggy!" advanced on the astonished animal. One very respectable-looking gentleman, with a silk hat on, tried to detain the animal by his handle, but the dog got mixed up with his legs, and down he came like a pile-driver. Several hackmen, who were subsequently arrested for leaving their teams, joined in the canvass, and when the procession turned the corner, with the dog and attachment twenty feet in advance, almost every class of our cosmopolitan population had its delegate in the pagant. Then it was that the sleek young man doubled himself up, and went behind a door until his emotions had passed over. —Texas Siftings.

—There are 2,073 juvenile societies connected with the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, with an aggregate membership of 97,964.

—There are forty-two college graduates on the staffs of the six leading daily newspapers of Boston.

### SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The Chicago Board of Education has fitted up and opened workshops in connection with the high school for the purpose of affording such pupils as desire it a course of manual training, and this as a part of the public-school system. —Chicago Journal.

—The anti-tithe agitation in Wales has assumed such proportions that a subscription has been started by a committee of prominent English churchmen to raise funds to relieve the present necessities of those clergymen in Wales who are left destitute by the refusal of the parishioners to pay the tithe dues.

—President Taylor, of the Mormon Church, has sent a letter to Secretary Lamar, in which he says that the future of the church over which he presides "is indissolubly connected with the land." He thinks it possible that in the future the Mormons may found colonies outside of the United States. —Chicago Tribune.

—Delaware Avenue Church, Buffalo, has determined to ring its bell no more. Good. Next to the nuisance of steam whistles in city is the clanging of bells. A church bell is no more needed in a city now than an ox-cart, or any other relic of a past age. And the church spire is about as useless as the bell. —Western Christian Advocate.

—The one hundred and twentieth anniversary of the old John Street Methodist Church, New York, was celebrated recently. Rev. B. M. Adams officiating. The old clock in the Sunday-school room, where the service was held, was sent from England by John Wesley, and has struck the hour for Coke, Asbury, McKendree and Whateout. —N. Y. Tribune.

—That pews have a market value was shown when two of them, 64 and 169, in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, of which Rev. John Hall is pastor, were put up at auction at the Real Estate Exchange, New York. The ground rent of each pew is \$60 a year, which, it was announced, the purchasers would have to pay. Pew 64 brought without much trouble \$2250. The other pew was knocked down for \$3000. —N. Y. Mail.

—An old Methodist preacher once offered the following prayer in a prayer-meeting: "Lord, help us to trust Thee with our souls." "Amen," was responded by many voices. "Lord, help us to trust Thee with our bodies." "Amen" was responded with as much warmth as ever. "Lord, help us to trust Thee with our money;" but to this petition the "amen" was not forthcoming. Is it not strange that when religion touches some men's pockets it cools their ardor at once, and seals their lips? —The Pulpit Treasury.

### SAYINGS OF DUNDER.

Chunks of Teutonic Philosophy of a Remarkably Practical Nature.

When he vhas well enough let him alone.

It vhas better to do a big peesness in a shmall shstore dan to do a shmall peesness in a big shstore.

Some folks vhas sooch kickers dot dey complains of der shmall size of applicoers.

Many a coon dot ish kildt oop a tree could haf got avhay all right on der groundt.

I haf tott notis dot dose peopoles who borrow der moas' tea and coffee and sugar from deir neighbors, borrow der least troubles for demselves.

Der family who doan' provide for a rainy day vhill sooner or later see sooch a dry time as nefer vhus.

Sometimes Truth goes out to take a walk and meets Gossip, but der pair nefer comes home together.

I believ dot if I vhas vhort \$10,000, 000 I could feel sorry for der troubles of der whole worldt.

Good Luck vhas somebody who vhill help a fool ash queek as a wise man. Success vhas der reward of hardt vhorck and perseverance.

Der leedle children dot we see around us vhas der rain-drops dot keep der hearts of men from becoming parched and dusty.

One half der peopoles goes up a ladder to look for a prize vhill vhas under der moas all der time.

May pe it was petter for us dot we haf some troubles. If notings happen vhe become so happy dot vhe mit avhay und der sidevhalck vhas all grease.

Kind vhorcks cost nothings; dot's vhy so many of us carry such a shock of 'em.

Der working-man who has good credit mit der grocer und butcher vhill always be a poor man.

People vhill look for oranges in a cabbage field, and peacase no oranges vhas foundt, dot same peopoles are determined not to appreciate cabbage.

Truth vhas a big thing, but dere vhas sometimes vhen a big lie vhas vhort two of him to make der family all right. Dot vhas mine experience mit philosophy. —Detroit Free Press.

### A Hint for Stout Ladies.

It is a pity, writes a Paris correspondent, that all stout ladies born in or about 1830 can not see how the tirewoman of Queen Isabella arranges her mistress' head when she is going to church, to a flower-show, to drive out, or on a journey. It seldom looks muffled up, yet it is nearly always so. The bonnet, or whatever it may be called, is a drapery of rich blonde lace, sometimes white and sometimes black. There is just garniture enough to show that the wearer does not wish to be reckoned an old lady, and is not ambitious to pass for a young one. There is always a touch of the Spanish veil in the way in which the lace is made to fall, but not more. —Chicago Times.

### USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Salt will absorb odors. Where is yours kept? —The Household.

—A few drops of extract of lavender will prevent muddage from molding or becoming sour. —Exchange.

—Cloths dipped into hot potato water are recommended for immediate and complete relief in the severest cases of rheumatism. —Cleveland Leader.

—Many Dakota farmers this year raised flax for fuel, a ton of flax being considered more valuable for heating purposes than a ton of soft coal.

—Bronzes should not be washed, but dusted and wiped off with a dry cloth. Water dulls and gradually destroys bronze-finished bric-a-brac. —Boston Post.

—The object of cultivating the soil is to raise from it a crop of plants. In order to cultivate with economy we must raise the largest possible quantity with the least expense and without permanent injury to the soil. —Detroit Tribune.

—Dr. T. H. Hoskins reminds those whom it may concern that the milk flow is not only diminished by bad treatment of the cow—as striking with fist or stool, or foolish yelling—but also by handling by inexperienced milkers. —N. Y. Tribune.

—As one sows, so will he reap. Foul seed will usually bring fouler crops. With clean seed it will require some little time to get the land clean, if it is full of foul stuff; but it can be done, and you will be more than paid for your trouble. —T. B. Terry.

—Griddle Cakes: One and a half pints of buttermilk, one teaspoonful soda, one or two eggs, one tablespoonful molasses, one half teaspoonful salt, stir, add one quart of flour, stir well and bake on hot greased griddles; when holes begin to appear in tops of cakes they are ready to turn. The milk should be quite sour. —Toledo Blade.

—The farmer leads a pleasant life. "All day long, with a laugh and a song," he drives the alien cow from his cornfield and repairs the rail fence. Merrily he swings the axe to and fro, and the claps fly right and left, until, yielding to his well-aimed blows, the tree falls on him and breaks a leg. —Drovers' Journal.

—Mr. S. H. Marsh, of Michigan, says the mulberry is the best post timber that can be grown in this country, and that it is almost rot-proof, except at the surface of the ground. As it is easily grown, and in nearly all sections, it should receive greater attention as post timber as well as for shade and the feed of silk-worms.

—A Soft Quilt: If coarse hen and turkey feathers are stripped up the two side plumes from the stem, and thrown into a bag, and the bag is rubbed hard between the hands, or on a wash-board, the plumes will become massed together into a delicate downy substance, much of which can be used in lining comforters that will be found warm and light. A writer in Harper's Bazar says that such comforters are equal to eider-down coverlets. —Boston Budget.

—Oh, yes; low prices are discouraging, but unless we are going to stop farming we must keep on with the work. We are paying a good many million dollars every year for fertilizers for our upland. Let us spend a few thousand dollars in draining our rich low land. Every ton of produce we get from the low land, if consumed on the farm, will enrich the upland, and if sold it will pay our phosphate bill, and, perhaps, leave a comfortable margin. —American Agriculturist.

### THE WINTER MULCH.

Intelligent Comments on a Subject Which Is Not Generally Understood.

Many people imagine that, if they do not get their trees and vines mulched before the first hard freezing occurs, it is of no use to mulch at all after that.

Such is not the case. There is, excepting with a few varieties of fruits and flowers, no injury at all from quite hard freezing. We do not mulch to keep out frost entirely. Certainly very few mulch heavy enough for that.

The object in mulching is to prevent alternate freezing and thawing; and with those stems that are bent over and covered the object is, further, to shut off the dry, shriveling winds of winter. A frost-proof covering is not necessary to accomplish this; in fact it should not be frost-proof. A strawberry bed buried to a frost-proof depth would be injured more than if left uncovered. The plants would be smothered in many cases.

The ground should freeze moderately before putting on the mulch. The mice and moles can not then work along through the surface of the ground to the injury of the roots. I have known them to work great havoc in a strawberry bed that was mulched before the ground had frozen at all. It often happens that the snow and mulch together form a frost-proof covering through which the cold can not penetrate sufficiently to freeze the ground underneath; so it is always safer to allow the ground to freeze to a depth of at least an inch or two before putting on the winter covering of mulch.

So don't neglect the mulching altogether because it has already frozen with no mulch on. In this case it is not exactly "better late than never." It is better late than early. The best material is straw, or even half-rotted manure for that can be used on the land when removed in spring. It may usually be drawn away from the plants, if not wasted for summer mulch, and worked into the soil between the rows. I use the same material for summer mulch, and find it beneficial for holding moisture and fertilizing through the growing season. —W. D. Boynton, in American Garden.

### RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—The chief of a tribe of Digger Indians worships a stone churn as his god.

—Mr. Benjamin Carpenter, '88, of Chicago, has been elected leader of the Harvard Glee Club.

—The First Presbyterian Church, of Cincinnati, O., has begun the erection of a branch to be known as the Pilgrim Chapel.

—Papal Rome has witnessed the laying of the foundation of the twenty-second Protestant house of worship within her limits.

—Garabed S. Azherian, an Armenian, is making his way through Amherst College by selling Oriental embroideries, scarfs, etc., sent him from home.

—Professor Whitney, of Yale, has more than ten pupils in his Sanscrit class, the largest class in this language ever brought together in this country. —Hartford Courant.

—The Congregational Sunday-school committee averaged one new Sunday-school each day of last year, and these have developed into churches at the rate of one each week. —N. Y. Witness.

—Rev. Alexander Mackay Smith, of New York City, has been elected Assistant Bishop of the Diocese of Kansas, Episcopal Church, by the Diocesan Convention of the Episcopal Church in that State.

—Zuig Lee, a Fort Worth Chinaman, who has been converted to Christianity, is trying to convert the Chinamen of Dallas, Texas, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association of that place.

—Vermont school-children will be given temperance text-books at the State's expense by the terms of a recent act of the legislature providing for the appointment of a commission to buy such books for use in schools. —Troy Times.

—In the Methodist church at Emporia, Kas., on Thanksgiving Day, a mortgage which had long rested on the church property, and which had been canceled the day before, was publicly burned, the congregation singing the doxology.

—At a recent spelling-match in Cheshire, Conn., selected pupils from all the schools were tested on their knowledge of fifty pages of the spelling book. At the end of an hour twelve competitors were left, and the committee deserted the book and tried to floor them with any thing they could think of, but were unable to put down a single one. The prizes were then distributed among the twelve. —Hartford Post.

### WIT AND WISDOM.

—The more you check a spendthrift the faster he goes.

—The great high-road of human welfare lies along the old highway of steady well-doing. —Smiles.

—The man who is good-natured all day does more for the race than he who wins a battle. —Petersburgh Index-Appel.

—A wise man—  
He travels through life on the pleasant plan,  
Who tries to steer clear of its worries and jars,  
Who does for humanity all that he can,  
And gives up his seat to a girl on the cars.

—The leading dentists in Russia and Germany are Americans, and they probably have the French and German tongue at their fingers' ends. —Commercial Bulletin.

—A learned man must write and speak a long time before he can show his learning to the world. A fool can show his ignorance at the first pop. —N. O. Picayune.

—"Maria," said her father, "William asked me for your hand last night, and I consented."

"Well, pa, that's the first bill of mine you haven't objected to." —N. Y. Sun.

—It is a powerful easy to discriminate between a wise man and a fanatic. De wise man belongs to your party; de fanatic to de opposishun. —Brother Gardner's Observations.

—Says a fashion note: "Monkey muffs are again in favor." It was certainly time that these musical accompaniments were protected from the rigors of cold weather. —Boston Transcript.

"I say, Fatty," exclaimed one gammon to his fleshy companion, "is it yer mudder wot makes yer so fat?"

"Now, of course it haint!" was the reply. "It's my fodder." —Whitchell Times.

—A paragraph in a society paper states that "Oscar Wilde's hair is growing long again." Oscar Wilde? Oscar Wilde?—Oh, yes, we remember now; that's the colt that won the two mile dash for three year olds. Wonder why they don't clip him again! —Burdette.

—Mr. Winks—I see in your house-keeper's journal a couple of lines which I think you ought to ponder, Mrs. Winks. It says, "If you always wish to be poor, scrape kettle with silver spoons." Mrs. Winks—Oh! I never do such work. "I hope not." "No; I pay a girl to do that." —Omaha World.

—"Speculate any while you were abroad?" was asked of a Baltimorean who reached home a few days ago. "Well, I made considerable money in Rome." "In what way?" "Well, every time a beggar struck me for a quarter I got off for a nickel, and my profits sometimes ran as high as \$10 per day." —Wall Street News.

—Dr. Bart G. Wilder, the well-known naturalist, relates that his parents being Grahamites, his earliest years were passed in ignorance of the fact that people used flesh for food. By some change of opinion, however, they came to more ordinary customs, and one day a roasted chicken was served for dinner. The six-year-old lad gazed in bewilderment at this mysterious dish for some moments, and at length he burst out in conviction and astonishment, "I bet that's a dead hen!"—a conclusion there was no gainsaying. —Harper's Drucker.

### OH! MY BACK

Every child or old child that weak back and nearly paralyzes you.

**BROWN'S IRON BITTERS**

THE BEST TONIC

Strengthen the Blood, Purify the Blood, Give New Vigor, Give New Energy, Give New Power, Give New Strength, Give New Life, Give New Hope, Give New Joy, Give New Peace, Give New Comfort, Give New Health, Give New Wealth, Give New Honor, Give New Fame, Give New Glory, Give New Success, Give New Prosperity, Give New Happiness, Give New Contentment, Give New Satisfaction, Give New Fulfillment, Give New Completion, Give New Perfection, Give New Immortality.

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